

Make Believe

DON'T FRET ABOUT TRIFLES

Magnifying Petty Mistakes and Troubles Weakens One's Ability to Master Bigger Problems.

The girl in the tight little hat and the draped veil restrained a frown of annoyance when in tripping down the station steps, she overtook the young woman in the large picture hat and imitation ermine.

"Why, Jesse!" cried the girl in the big hat, as the other attempted to go past. "How mean it was that I didn't know you were on this train! I haven't seen you for ages! Are you shopping?"

"Well, yes," admitted the girl with the draped veil falling into step. "I'm so busy these days I had to drop a dozen things to come downtown. But one does have to have clothes—such a nuisance!"

"That's the way I feel about it," admitted the other. "I'm looking for a dress myself. Where are you going to look first?"

"Oh, in all those exclusive shops," the girl in the small hat rejoined with a tiny shrug. "I simply can't stand the places where they have no individuality and where, when you do find something, you meet sixteen other women with the same thing on. I cannot be happy in a gown unless it is for me alone. Arthur thinks I have the most distinctive style."

The other girl gave a shriek. "Are you still going with Arthur Darkwater?" she cried. "My goodness! I should think you'd get tired waiting and hoping—"

"I am not in such a hurry to marry as you seem to be," tartly said the girl in the small hat. "From Arthur, I've told me all about how he had to stop calling on you because you so evidently were trying to rush him into a proposal."

"I'm going to try the shops first, too," hastily interrupted the young woman in the big hat, quite as though the other had not spoken. "I want something out of the ordinary."

"It is simply impossible to buy a serge dress that is presentable under fifty dollars," said the girl in the small hat. "I want something terribly simple and yet distinguished looking—"

"I know precisely what I want," broke in her friend in the big hat. "I saw one in Mme. Phelippe's window. In that terribly exclusive little arcade you know—and it was only sixty dollars and looked worth a hundred, and it had—"

"Mme. Croops, where I go mostly," languidly broke in the girl with the small hat, "never exhibits her frocks in a window; mercy, no! You'd never know there were dresses for sale just looking in! She has the most wonderful, fully exclusive clients—"

"Mme. Phelophe makes a special study of me," confided her friend, sweetly. "She says she is always delighted when she finds some one who needs an individual style and can wear it! I've heard that your Mme. Croops buys lots of her things at sales and just marks them up—"

The girl in the small hat laughed amusedly. "I suppose her enemies in business tell all sorts of things," she remarked. "She is making such a marvelous success I might as well see what she has in evening gowns while I'm there, I suppose. I want something in tulle and silver—just a little simple dance frock for about eighty or ninety. But I must get the serge today."

"I may get a satin frock instead of a serge," chimed in the girl with the big hat. "Serge really is frightfully common. I suppose because it is cheaper than satin. A severe black satin frock has such an air and I can carry off those strictly tailored things. But I won't touch a satin under a hundred dollars a yard—I hate those cheap ones!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried the girl in the small hat, stopping short. "I'm so sorry! I've just remembered I've got to call at the optician's for mother's glasses—and I did want you to go with me to Mme. Croops! No, dear, I wouldn't dream of having you stop with me, because there's no telling how long I'll have to wait!"

"Maybe it's just as well," sighed the girl in the big hat and imitation ermine, prettily. "I must run right around and see about those opera tickets before it's too late! I'm just as disappointed as I can be! I wanted you to see the lovely things at Mme. Phelophe's!"

Ten minutes later the girl in the small hat and the girl in the big one hated each other for life with a deadly hatred. For they met in a frenzied search through the racks of \$16 serge dresses in a basement sale—Chicago Daily News.

Macaroni and Meat Hash.

Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni; drain and put it into a buttered casserole, adding a little clarified sausage fat. Push the macaroni to the sides of the dish and add a sprinkling of grated cheese. Fill the center with chopped cooked meat of any kind, with which a little sausage has been mixed. Moisten with meat stock. Place in the oven until hot throughout. Serve in the casserole.

Some of us rather overdriven women get into a habit of magnifying the petty mistakes or troubles of disagreeable events of the day, the business day, and making them out very big and terrible. The result is a loss of energy, for magnified troubles bring worry and anxiety, which is a sort of poison to the mind and even to the body, writes Jesse Roberts in the Houston Post.

Don't hang on to the mistakes of yesterday. Today's will be easier to manage if you haven't that drag on you, and by a little more firmness you can soon get to the point when the annoyance of the moment gets itself settled in that moment and then is dropped.

TORPEDOES ON FOUR WHEELS

Explosive Propelled Toward Enemy Trenches and Controlled by Means of Wires Attached to Works.

La Domenica Del Corriere, Italy, reports a new war device, the invention of an English engineer, Stratford Talbot. Literally, it is a torpedo on wheels which may be propelled toward the enemy trenches and controlled from the starting point by means of attached wires.

The explosive is mounted on a metallic box which rides on four wheels. Attached to the box is a contrivance consisting of a dynamo which propels the wheels. The entire machine is electrically controlled, permitting the explosion of the charge at the desired moment.

Two parallel wires connect the torpedo with the control station. These are carried on spools and unwind as the machine advances. The power is derived from accumulating batteries at the starting point. When it is desired to fire the charge, all that is required is to push a button. According to the inventor the total cost of this contrivance is about \$150.

What He Wants for "Plain Food."

Do you know this man, have you ever heard of him—the man who likes plain food? His tastes are of the simplest, a little clear soup yourself, clear consommé the color of pale sherry; "Take a knuckle of veal and four pounds of lean beef," goes the sympathetic recipe. (Notice, you "take," you don't "buy.") "Fry to a tender brown carrots, onions," etc. So goes on this tender, delectable process until you finally "clarify." The time the cook spends upon the simmering, the frying, the clarifying, and the straining is not of course taken into account. "The man who likes plain food enjoys roasts of meat, joints and rib-roasts."—Exchange.

Chemistry Recognized Science.

Chemistry has been accorded an almost formal recognition as the science at the heart of modern warfare. The British ministry of reconstruction has ordered that Germany's chemical industry for special attention in making its war preparations, especially that part of the industry dealing with coal tar derivatives, in which it holds the imperial government a grudge. A temporary world monopoly was won a year ago. The minister of reconstruction has appointed a committee of six chemists to investigate the situation in England and to recommend a plan for making the British chemical industry self-sufficient and equal to any call upon it during and after the war.

Von Hindenburg a "Junker."

"Junker" is philologically akin to "Junkheer" and has a quasi equivalent in the English "Squire." The Junker is a man of some birth and of inherited property, especially land, says an exchange. The word is used to designate that large class of Prussians who come of noble, semi-noble or at least old and "good" families and whose worldly possessions are such as to give them an appreciable stake in the government. Von Hindenburg is a fine example of the Junker; Ludendorff, his collaborator, is not a Junker by birth, however much a one he may be by taste.

Capital Punishment.

Capital punishment prevails in all the states of the Union except Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Washington and Wisconsin. In Michigan the only crime punishable by death is treason. The death penalty was abolished in the state of Washington in 1913, in Iowa in 1872 and restored in 1878, in Colorado in 1897 and restored in 1901. Hanging is the ordinary mode of execution, but in Indiana, New York, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Vermont and Virginia electrocution is the legal method. In Nevada hanging or shooting is optional with the condemned person.

Special Sale Rules
No Approvals No C. O. D.'s
Alterations Charged For



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Annual After Christmas Sale

Prices will be one-third, one-half, and less than half regular prices. Every Winter Garment on hand is included, including Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses and Sweaters. Also Handkerchiefs, Wool Scarfs, and Neckwear left from holiday selling.

Owing to shortage of wool to make cloths it would be good business to buy for next season's wear.

Winter Coats

Choose from the Finest Lot of Women's Coats in Rochester.

Many Garments from A. Beller & Co. and other high grade makers.

Black, Navy, Brown, Green, Oxford, and Taupe.

\$18.50 were \$25.00 and \$29.00
\$25.00 were \$35.00 and \$37.50
\$35.00 were \$45.00 and \$49.50
\$45.00 were \$60.00 and \$69.50

Tailored Suits



All Tailored Suits must be closed out. Prices will be 1/2 and less than half former prices.

\$12.50 were formerly \$25.00 to \$29.50
\$17.50 were formerly \$35.00 to \$37.50
\$22.50 were formerly \$45.00 to \$49.50
\$24.50 were formerly \$52.50 to \$55.00

Velvets, Velours, Broadcloths, and Garbadines. Serges, black, navy, brown, green and oxford.

Women's Dresses

Entire stock must be sold, including Dresses for Evening Wear, Afternoon Wear, and Dresses for Street Wear.

Serges in Navy Blue and Black

\$12.50 were \$20.00 and \$29.50
\$16.50 were \$25.00 and \$29.50

Afternoon Dresses
Crepe meters, velvets, satins, etc.

Also in large and extra large sizes.

\$15.00 were \$22.50 and \$23.50
\$19.50 were \$25.00 and \$29.50
\$25.00 were \$35.00 and \$37.50
\$35.00 were \$45.00 and \$55.00

Evening Dresses
Velvets, Satins, Taffetas and Nets. Beautiful assortment of pastel shades.

\$19.50 were \$25.00 \$25.00 were \$35.00
\$49.50 were \$55.00 to \$85.00

Women's Blouses

Women's Blouses of Silk, Georgette, Lace and Linen have been marked to 1/2 and less than former prices to close out.

\$1—were \$1.98—Lingerie Vests and Hat Blouses in white, black, models good styles.

\$2—were \$3 and \$3.50—Vests, Hats and Linen in tailored and lingerie styles.

\$3.98 to \$5—were \$4.50 to \$7.98—Georgette Blouses, chiffons and lace.

\$6.50 to \$16.50—A clean up of high grade blouses, sample blouses, one of a kind, Georgette, Silks and Laces.

Women's Sweaters

Of Angora Wool and Fibre Silk

Copenhagen Blue, White, Grey

Plum, Black and White

\$4.00 were \$6 and \$8.00
\$5.00 were \$8.00
\$6.00 were \$10.00
\$8.50 were \$12 and \$15.00

Separate Skirts

Serviceable garments for between season's wear, stylish garments in plaid and sport models, in serge, poplin, velour and silks.

Plain, Stripes and Plaids

LOT ONE
\$3.50 for Skirts up to \$5.00 to \$7.50

LOT TWO
\$5.00 for Skirts up to \$7.50 to \$9.50

LOT THREE
\$10.00 for Skirts up to \$15.00 to \$18.50

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NEWSIE KNEW HIS BUSINESS

Magazine Vender in Passenger Coach Commercialized Lord Northcliffe's Boasting of His Book.

The following is a story related by Lord Northcliffe in a London paper, concerning his book "At the War":

"In the United States and Canada the newsboys walk through the trains, selling the latest publications, and recently one of them offered his Lordship, who was on his way from New York to Chicago, a copy of his own book, 'At the War.'"

"I've read it," quietly replied the author, shaking his head.

"Oh, you have!" exclaimed the boy, adding, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, "And how did you like it?"

"Pretty well," said Lord Northcliffe. Then, thinking of the tedious hours spent in revisions and proofreading, he added impressively, "I read it five times."

"Go! five times!" exclaimed the boy, and two passengers who had overheard the conversation promptly bought copies, while the enterprising news-vendor moved on down the car, saying:

"'At the War'—new book just out! one man read it five times. Only a few copies left!"—Stray Stories.

MUSIC FOR THE WAR TANK

Graphophone Records Are Gift of Woman; French Officer Requests Bowling Equipment for His Men.

For the amusement of soldiers probably no more unique donation has been made than that of \$50 from a woman for graphophone records to equip a tank. There is something grotesque about music emanating from this weird iron caterpillar, states a trench correspondent.

Other donations have not lacked an element of the picturesque, as for instance the supplying of a hospital in Paris which was filled with African troops, with 500 fans. They were so appreciated during the summer that the hospital appealed for more. An accordion was sent to fill a specific demand.

One French officer requested games for his men. What sort? In one regiment in which most of the soldiers were fathers of families the preference, for some reason or other, was for bowling. The trench, it must seem, does not make a bad ally if a few balls and pins will give a dull period. Possibly a change of noise is agreeable!

Kitchen Soldiers.
Kitchen soldiers are the latest experiment in practical patriotism. Good House-keeping, in co-operation with the United States food administration, is conducting the enlistment. In the magazine appears this pledge, which women are urged to sign:

"I, the member of the household entrusted with the handling of food, do hereby enlist as a kitchen soldier for home service and pledge myself to waste no food and to use wisely all food purchased for this household, knowing that by so doing I can help conserve the foods that must be shipped to our soldiers and our allies."

This is a movement for the woman who is actually dealing in the food of American homes. Employers and employees are urged to join the forces. A soldier may be one who fights just with her brain or one who fights by doing with her hands the work of women in this crisis. She may be one whose ancestors have lived here for generations or she may be one whose parents have seen war's horrors pass their very door abroad, whose brothers bear the arms of England, or France, or Italy, or Russia, or any other allied country. Once you have enlisted as a kitchen soldier, your kitchen is your battlefield.

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